

Scandinavia

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FROM HOME.

If we look for the differences in character between the Scandinavians and the Anglo-Saxons, we find that our countrymen, besides all their solid qualities, are lacking in that energy which probably, more than anything else, characterizes the English and American nations. The average Scandinavian has at the bottom a good deal of the same nature as the Anglo-Saxon. He is rather cold and taciturn. Southern people even find a certain kind of brutality in his nature, but they admire his strength of character. Outward, as well as inward, the Scandinavian and the Anglo-Saxon are probably more alike than men of other nationalities. It is only when it comes to activity that the Scandinavians fall back compared with the pushing and enterprising Anglo-Saxons. This difference has not always existed. Energy, individuality, and love of freedom were just as characteristic of the old inhabitants of the Scandinavian north as they are at present of the English speaking race, especially in the greatest period of their history, that of the Vikings, when the Normans, Danes and Varegs conquered half of Europe, and the Danish blood on French soil, the Normans of Normandy, instituted the greatest development of the mediæval epoch.

But the old Scandinavians did not keep up this great evolution of force at home, whether this was

due to the mollifying influence of Christianity, or to the destruction of the small independent communities by the larger kingdoms, or to both together which ended the old life of continuous fighting. The northern empire of Canute the Great, as well as the later of the Valdemars, were even more short lived formations than the Frankish empire; and at no later period of their history have the Scandinavians been able to make any great extension of their power. They have developed a respectable civilization, but no great enterprise, and they are not counted among the leading nations of the world. Only the poet can now sing "Atter skal Nordens herlige Stamme føre til Sejer Folkenes Sag" ("Again shall the glorious race of the north lead to victory the cause of the nations"). In actual life they are at present a more modest people.

There is certainly in this respect a great difference between the three Scandinavian nations. The Swedes have always been more apt to go to extremes. Although they are lacking in some of the more solid qualities of the Danes and Norwegians, they have in their composition more of the French *elan* than their brethren; and they have at least a certain kind of pushing energy. We shall not attempt to decide whether this is due to the difference in climate (there being in Sweden more of the stirring, continental difference between the seasons, more frequent changes from heat to cold than in Denmark or Norway), or to the accidental historic development which connected Sweden, more than Denmark-Norway, with general European politics; or, finally, to the old difference in race between the remarkably gifted people of the Svear north of the great Swedish lakes, and the Goths and other Scandinavian tribes farther south. The Danes are certainly a people of extreme moderation. They are unbearably conservative in business, where they work respectably, but seldom exert themselves very much. In their religion they rarely show much zeal, although, as a rule, on the other hand, they

are far from being professed free-thinkers. In art, their national school copies with truthfulness the characteristics of the country and of the people, but lacks all brilliancy in colors and in ideas. Molesworth, an English ambassador of two hundred years ago, in describing the country and the people, speaks of their extraordinary moderation in virtues as in vices; and thus it certainly cannot be their absolute government which has produced all this respectable mediocrity in the nation. The temperate climate makes one day like another, and their isolated location allows the people to live their own life free from the great European movements. The Norwegians have more earnestness, as their soil and climate are harder and more severe than the fertile Danish country and the moderate Danish climate. But their location has kept them still more apart from general European matters, and their greatness as a seafaring nation can hardly keep up with the changes of the times. It was in the former Danish-Norwegian state largely due to the Norwegians that the sea was called the "way of the Danes to praise and to might." Lately came the epoch of steam, which made even navigation a question of machinery and money rather than of personal prowess and ability. Already when navigation and commerce went over distant parts of the world and through greater seas, the very location of England and Holland gave them an advantage over the nations of the north. Nature contributed its part, and, with free government, made the Anglo-Saxons the real successors of the Scandinavian Vikings in enterprise and energy. To-day this natural advantage in the location of Great Britain is again neutralized by the marvelous development of the railway systems of the world; and it is not only its political preponderance, but also the new changes of communication by land, that is making Germany—and especially the Prussians, these able German colonists on Slav territory—the successful competitor of England. This, too, is one of the main causes of the greatness of the United States; and it is especially—as everybody knows—the railways which at this moment make the great American West the main field of development for the whole Teutonic race. This is now, more than any other part of the world, what in olden times the northern and western seas were in Europe. Here there is room for the individuality and energy of our race, for the free development and co-operation of all human forces.

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This feature of moderation, so prominent in

the characters of the present Scandinavians, also shows itself in their interior policy. Honest administration and justice are characteristics of their national life. Both Denmark and Norway have need of many modern reforms, as, for instance, the introduction of public and oral forms of procedure. This would probably be sufficient to correct the worst existent abuses, and to secure poor offenders against the iniquity of inquisitory and arbitrary officials. The introduction of the jury system is retarded by the money question and other practical considerations, and would perhaps be rather dangerous to true justice. Their political institutions have the faults common to the whole continental development, compared with that of England. They have the modern democratic constitutions according to abstract French ideals. Especially has the right of suffrage hitherto been regarded as a right of the citizen instead of a make-shift to the public utility. Such is the case in Denmark, still more than in the other countries. The Norwegian constitution has certain faults peculiar to the early period in which it was conceived, some of them in common with that of the United States. They were the natural result of the early misconception of the English constitution, and the mistaken French and other continental imitations of it. The Swedish constitution has still certain excellent features preserved from old practice, as, for instance, joint preparing committees for the two houses, and joint voting in case of disagreement on appropriations, etc. But, notwithstanding all their faults, and notwithstanding the parliamentary machinery for a while in Norway—and more especially in Denmark—even threatened to break down entirely, there are no disturbances. Everything is quiet and peaceable; there is no actual question about revolution and bloodshed, but only inanity and barrenness. Meanwhile, the finances flourish in all three kingdoms. The public debts decrease; and the bonds of these countries advance rapidly towards the high point of those of Holland and England. And they deserve this confidence under their present financial situation. The total debt of these three countries is actually more than covered by the value of the railways, telegraphs, funds of reserve, and other similar public property. It is here corroborated what has often been said about the remarkable coincidence between a cold, temperate climate and a good public credit.

The greatest need of the Scandinavian nations is more freedom, especially in the matter of trade.

Bishop Monrad said, after his return from his voluntary exile in New Zealand, that a country like Denmark should try to live like a monarchical Hamburg. This was before the liberty of Hamburg was curtailed by Bismarck, and the saying was certainly so far true that a liberation from all hindrance on trade and other activity would allow the greatest and most wholesome expansion of all forces in all three countries, which are so well located for participation in the economical development of northern Europe. The abolishment of the corn laws in England contributed more than anything else to progress in Denmark and Sweden. Their commerce with England has continued to be the main assistance in progress; and still much more could be accomplished in this direction, to the great benefit of the shipping interests, of agriculture in Denmark and Sweden, and of forestry and mining in Sweden and Norway. Now it would be easy to go over to full free trade; but that is daily becoming more difficult as new industries develop artificially under protection not adapted for the wholesome air of freedom. The people have everywhere in the north been inclined toward commercial freedom, even if they, in other matters, have not outgrown paternal ideas. The advantage of free trade is too apparent for an agricultural community. The air in Europe, under the present reign of Bismarck and of French radicals, is, however, not very favorable to liberal progress. Even Sweden, that of the three countries where economical knowledge is greatest, has not made any very considerable advance lately. There seems at present to be a public sentiment and inclination for a decrease and abolishment of duties between the three countries themselves, or even for a tariff union, although this, at all events from an economical standpoint, is hardly more important or easier than free trade with other countries, especially with England.

Beside economical freedom, the question of education is justly the most prominent in Scandinavia as in so many other countries. There is here, especially in the lowest and in the highest forms of education, a field in which it is recognized that the government must assist private efforts. A large portion of the means at present used for the higher education came from the property of the Catholic church, for instance from the tithes to the bishops, when the change took place from Romanism to Lutheranism. Similar questions are apt to be raised again. In the Scandinavian countries, as in England, the question about the separation of the church from

the state is raised, and it is very difficult to get the people to recognize the right of the churches to the property and income at present held by them. It is not, as in Great Britain, a question between the state church and other churches, it is more a lack of popular sympathy with the church in general; and there is at least a popular tendency to favor expenses for education, instead of for church purposes.

It is not likely that any of these questions will be treated with too much precipitation. The trouble in the interior policy, as in other matters in the Scandinavian countries, is likely to be barrenness and lack of movement and practical energy.

These countries, whose colonies of old spread over Russia, Great Britain, Ireland and Normandy, and even extended to Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland, are now among the few countries without any colonial power. The little island of St. Bartholomew, in West India, is absolutely valueless to Sweden, and the three adjoining Danish islands are only a financial burden. Danish Greenland, with its 10,000 Esquimaux, is about the only present Scandinavian colony.

The Scandinavian countries, however, are still the seat of a considerable colonization, in the immense emigration of their subjects to the United States of America, especially to the great Northwest, where in many districts the Scandinavians form the main part of the population. No one can exactly compute their number. The census reports do not always give the parentage, and a considerable part of the Danish emigration is booked as German, coming as it does from the new German province of Sleswic. At all events their number is now considerably above 1,000,000. That is to say, there are at present living in the United States a number of Scandinavians who equal more than one half of the whole population in Denmark, one half of that of Norway, and one fourth of that of Sweden. In several respects this kind of colonization is the very best. It is spontaneous. The people go where they find themselves the best off. They go into well-organized and rising communities, where the lead is taken by a strong nationality with which they easily amalgamate. Even the English language is so near their own that the popular English is probably, to the people of certain localities in western Denmark and in Norway, not much farther from the local dialect, than is the literary language of Copenhagen and of the Norwegian cities.

We shall certainly not recommend any colonization conducted by the government. This would hardly be as practical as the present settlement, and would cost much more money. One of the reasons why the people go to the United States is that, besides the new rich lands, they have fewer public burdens. This would not be the case in separate state colonies. There is other assistance, however, which might be rendered the emigration from Scandinavia. At present the official world, the press, and, on the whole, the highest classes, are rather hostile to the whole movement. At the best, they ignore it. They have not yet arrived at the same conclusions in regard to it as have the leading statesmen of England. They regard emigration as a loss to the old countries. They have the Greek-German view of the state as having interests apart from and above those of the individual. The existing state is, in their eyes, sacred, and not—as it is understood in England and America—identical with the interests of the individual members of the body politic. Secondly, they do not recognize the wholesome influence of the emigration on the people at home. It takes away from the rising population in a good many districts from one-eighth to one-fourth of its laborers. Such a decrease has considerable influence in raising wages; and the employers in the first instance only look on what they lose; they do not recognize that the better-paid workingmen, as a rule, give more valuable, and, therefore, not at all dearer, work. It is true that the great political influence of the emigrants on their old home at present contributes largely to strengthen the elements of opposition to the powers that be; but a self-conscious, independent people makes actually a stronger community. Then it is the plain duty of the government to do the best it can for the people. Everything ought, therefore, be done to spread reliable information. It would be in a good many cases of the greatest use for the men seeking work, for the farmers, etc. Full information would, probably, among other things, contribute to gather the emigrants still more together than they are at present. It is true that the settlers, as a rule, do better by connecting themselves closely with the English-speaking communities, instead of isolating themselves. On the other hand, there are a great number who cannot get along apart from their countrymen without great suffering. There are old people who find it hard to learn the foreign languages; weak individuals, who, even in great numbers, go under entirely if they are not kept up by

surroundings to which they are wont; whole classes which best exist together with their countrymen. The Scandinavian emigrants, as a rule, do better than they would do in the old countries. They make a better living, though they rarely rise to prominent positions. They get along well enough as sailors on the lakes, workingmen in the manufacturing centers, and especially well as thrifty farmers. That they do not go farther is partly because they excel more by reason of steady work and parsimonious thrift than by great enterprise, but also because, by the difference in language and habits, they are cut off from the leading American members of society in their new homes. It is curious to find how difficult it is, as a rule, for a man of special capacity who emigrates to find his place in his new surroundings. We often see, for instance, young men of the best agricultural education satisfied with places as coachmen as the best situations they can obtain; and we have met men of extraordinary ability as dairymen (for whom there is an especial field in the United States), who have been drifting around for years without finding creameries where they could get work even in the lowest capacity. There is in the larger settlements, however, a better field for men of the higher classes—physicians, leaders of independent business, etc.—whose services are of as much benefit to the parties themselves as to their countrymen, who, in several ways, are better situated when they can co-operate with them. It is even an advantage to the whole development of the new countries themselves. There is no reason to apprehend that any Scandinavian settlement will keep apart from the great stream very long. They are too nearly related to the Anglo-Saxon character and language to admit of it. But we want to recommend that the people at home, especially the press, do no longer ignore that considerable portion of their nationality which at present lives in the United States, even if they live under another government; and that, furthermore, the government at home does its best to assist the popular movement, especially by spreading all possible information, and also by rendering all avenues for emigration more free than they now are.

It was some years ago recommended by a member of the Danish Folkething—a naval officer named Paulsen—that English be introduced into all the common schools. Such a proposition will at present be regarded as rather radical, if not absurd. It would, however, be popular with the people, who very well recognize the importance of facili-

tating emigration. It would exercise an influence more than anything else on the wages and on the whole emancipation of the bulk of the people, just because the popular ignorance of that language is at present the greatest hindrance to the emigration movement. It would finally put the whole people in lively communication with the common civilization of the world, in which the English-speaking people at present have the greatest place. Even if the Scandinavian nations are not now moving very rapidly, the backbone of the race is still the same as in olden times. If only all hindrances are removed we will find that these people, more than most other nations of Europe, still possess a great deal of their old force of individuality and of adaptability to circumstances. This is proven by the Scandinavian workingmen and servant girls who in America associate with English people, and it would, when other hindrances were removed, be shown by a larger portion of the Scandinavian nations.

The foreign policy of the Scandinavian kingdoms is rather dwarfish. The honest efforts, especially of the Danish nation during the whole struggle with Germany—and particularly during the two wars in 1848-51 and 1864—would possibly have had better results if they had been accompanied with wider and more audacious views. F. Schiern, the late Danish historian, used to say that it would have paid better for Denmark to have spent the \$100,000 which one gun-boat cost, to have sent a Danish Jew down to the German Jews who write the German papers—not to bribe them to do anything wrong, but only to induce them to tell the truth; and it is true that the whole Danish policy reckoned altogether too little on public opinion in Germany and in Europe in general. There was, indeed, at the decisive moment more power in the public opinion in Europe than in the Danish army and navy. It must be admitted that the chances were remarkably unfortunate when the Danish king, Frederick VII., the last of his line, died in 1863, just at the turning-point of the policy which endeavored to separate the Danish Sleswick from the German Holstein; and the Polish insurrection alienated France from England, and by that hindered these powers from co-operating in the Danish question, while at the same time it induced Russia to do everything for Prussia. But there were other periods where the good chances were not used, especially during the war between Italy and France against Austria, and partly, also, in the great national question of the Scandinavian

unity. The Danes certainly made a mistake when they needed an alliance in 1849 and 1864, and yet overlooked how much more important, and especially interesting to the men in power in Sweden, a real dynastical union would have been. Sweden emancipated itself in 1854 from the all-powerful Russian influence, but it did not go so far as Sardinia when that power brought assistance to the western powers in the Crimea. There had especially been occasion for Sweden to imitate this provident policy of Sardinia during the German-Danish war of 1864, as it had promised assistance and alliance before King Frederick died. That Sweden-Norway kept back at that momentous period, effaced and destroyed at once the prospects of a Scandinavian unity. Later on, Denmark maintained as its only policy a complete reserve in her foreign relations, which was probably necessary. During the Franco-German war it was fortunate enough that the French defeat came as early as it did, because in any other case Denmark would, no doubt, have been entangled in the embroilment, and would probably been entirely lost or at least deprived of its larger half, the peninsula of Jutland. In the great question concerning the Danes under the German yoke in northern Sleswick, Denmark has really nothing else to do than to be silent. Norway is probably at present better able than at any former period to have a foreign as well as an internal policy, because the leaders of the people are now also the leaders of the government. But Sweden is the one of the three kingdoms which, according to its whole history and present position is called to take the leadership in all foreign Scandinavian policies. The nation has still a vivid memory of its participation in the great European policy in the days of the Gustafs and the Charleses, and takes continually the greatest interest in all great political questions. That country has, furthermore, what the other two kingdoms have not, a class especially adapted to be the bearers of such a policy. It cannot be denied that the great foreign questions are the most difficult to grapple with for the democracies. Sweden, more than Norway and Denmark, has something of an able national aristocracy. The few noblemen in Denmark are too fresh from absolute government, and it seems also—although some of them are very wealthy—that they are hardly to the same extent as in Sweden interested in the economical life of the country. While in Denmark we only find few names like those of Moltke, Bille, and Frijs prominent in the foreign politics, in Sweden we still find a number of names from the great

European wars—skiölds, svärds, hjälms, stjernas, cronas (or all these names ending in words as shield, sword, helmet, star, crown, etc.)—as leaders in agricultural, mining, banking, or other important interests of the country. Nor can it be denied that such a class, as a rule, has a better understanding of the great questions than a pure democracy of peasants or of workingmen in the cities. Everybody knows that the late king of Sweden-Norway, Charles XV., personally wished to take part in the Danish-German war. His brother, Oscar, the present king, was at that time more than anybody else ashamed of the role played by Sweden. He saw what place the country ought to have taken in the general European policy, and he saw that the opportunity was lost. Cautiousness prevailed, however, and even Sweden acted as if it did not exist in the European concert. Since that time the state of affairs has hardly changed. King Oscar has kept up his friendly relations to the greatest power in present European politics, the court of Berlin, but there has hardly at any time been serious question as to any political action.

We must admit that we cannot find any definite line followed up in this field of the lives of the nations. They are certainly not blind to the teachings of past history, which tell them, plainly enough, that close alliance between the Scandinavian peoples, and close connection with the Western Powers, bring success and prosperity, while, on the contrary most of the misery came from internal dissension and connection with the jealous rising Eastern Powers of Russia and Prussia. But the nations have hardly energy and force enough to work out better political combinations for themselves, even if the outward conditions existed. This is, first of all the case with the great question of the Scandinavian unity. There is neither the force nor energy to get over the natural difficulties of a change of such magnitude. The same is also the case with the question of the Danish nationality in Sleswick. The small prospect for a good solution of this question would probably soonest be realized through good relations with Germany; but alliance for Denmark alone with this great power would be dangerous and of no avail. Very different, on the contrary, were the questions raised of an alliance by all three countries. The late Danish poet, N. F. S. Grundtvig, and the younger Norwegian, B. Björnson, saw really farther when they recommended an alliance with the kindred German people, notwithstanding the present bad feeling. The true interest of Scandinavia, is at all events with Ger-

many if this power should have use for allied support against her great Eastern neighbor, Russia.

Björnson wrote last year to this journal recommending a final alliance between the three Scandinavian countries and the United States. This idea seems at first extremely fantastical. It would, however, be different if the great idea of the union of all English speaking nations was realized. Prominent English statesmen speak at present not only for a real union between the mother country and the English colonies, but even such men as Gladstone do not think it impossible in the future to extend such a federation to a "Greatest Britain," so that it embraced even the United States. American newspapers recommend as a simpler solution that England and the English colonies should enter the American union simply like other states. It is true that the Scandinavian countries nowhere could find a more fortunate connection and greater security for development and preservation of their freedom than in connection with the kindred Anglo-Saxon communities, and their entrance into such a union would at least not be more difficult than a federation between England and America. As we said in response to Björnson's idea last year, the actual interest of Scandinavia is more closely connected with that of England than with that of any other country. This is the case concerning the commercial policy, where Molinari, the Belgian economist, who recently recommended a tariff union between the free-trading countries of England, Holland and Belgium, ought also to have taken the Scandinavian countries in; and this is just as well the case in the policy where there is any question about the relations to other powers, at least in all that belongs to general European politics. But, as we have said before, it is not likely that our nations will be able to work out any such arrangement for themselves. They have not sufficient energy to overcome the natural *vis inertiae*. There is not sufficient necessity for action. What will happen will depend more on circumstances and on others' actions than on their own. We can only say what is desirable if circumstances are favorable.

N. C. FREDERIKSEN.

LIFE OF HOLBERG.

Extracts of Notes from Prof. Knud Lyngby's Lectures upon the History of Danish Literature, delivered at the University of Copenhagen, 1865-66.

RENDERED BY J. S. GRAM.

Ludvig Holberg was born in Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684. He was himself, for a long time, ignorant of the year of his birth, and the

day has not been known until very recently (communicated to *Illustreret Nyhedsblad*, No. 13, March 30, 1862, by a Norwegian minister, the Rev. Lampe).

His father's name was Kristen Nilsen, and the surname of Holberg was rarely used, though claimed; it was the appellation of a place, probably a farm, and is derived from the Norse "hólr berg" (hollow mountain), afterward adopted by Holberg as the armorial ensign of his escutcheon, on being knighted. The father was a lieutenant-colonel and commanding officer in Bergen, had served in foreign warfare in Italy, and had fought in the war against Sweden in the middle of the century. He died when Ludvig was scarcely two years old, and the mother was left to care for a family of twelve children, of whom Ludvig was the youngest. There was considerable wealth, but everything except invested monies was subsequently lost by fire. At the age of ten years Holberg lost his mother, and the boy, as was then the custom with officers' children, was in due time enlisted in the army as a corporal, and sent to Opland to learn the *métier* of a soldier, where he also received classic instruction under the care of a relative in that part of the country, who schooled him together with his own children. Holberg himself states that during this period nothing of any consequence occurred, but that he never saw a penny of his pay. After a brief stay he returned to Bergen, where he entered the house of his mother's brother, Peter Lem, who placed him in the Latin school of Bergen. Here he thrived very well and was kindly treated by Mr. Lem, who was a good-natured and jolly sort of a man. At one time Holberg fell out with a relative of Mr. Lem's wife, and ridiculed his enemy in a satirical poem, of which unseemly conduct complaint was carried to the uncle, and punishment was to follow; but the affair ended with a dispute between the uncle and the nephew as to whether or not the proper number of metrical feet had been used in the offensive verses. This was Holberg's first attempt at satirical poetry.

At the Bergen school he graduated (1702) under Rector Lintrup, for the University of Copenhagen.* Here he speedily finished his examination and returned to Norway, where he accepted the position of a tutor in the family of a minister at Foss. One of his duties was to occasionally

relieve the minister of preaching, and he says that he was greatly more successful in this duty than as a teacher, since he got into frequent squabbles with the mother of his pupils on account of his severity, while his sermons became popular with the peasantry. He did not remain there long, but proceeded once more to Copenhagen, where he made a stay of about a year, and passed his second examination and *theologicum* (1704) with *laudabilis* which at that time was an extraordinary occurrence. He then returned to Norway and again assumed the functions of a tutor, this time in the house of Rector Smidt, in his native town of Bergen; but, restless and eager for the acquisition of knowledge, he soon threw up his position and made ready for a trip to foreign lands, his desire to travel having been irresistibly awakened by certain books of travel that had fallen into his hands. He converted all he could into cash and went to Holland, his first journey abroad (1704-5), the chronology of which has been established by Kall Rasmussen (in "Nyt Historisk Tidsskrift").

The sojourn in Holland seems to have been a dark period of Holberg's life. He ran out of funds and had to eke out as best he might. On an incidental visit to Aachen he was driven to the extremity of attempting to sneak away from his landlord. People at that time took him for a boy, from his juvenile appearance, but, engaging him in conversation, were amazed at his glib Latin and learned accomplishments. He makes the remark that the sciences were held in no great credit in Holland, sailors and canal-boatmen being the only people who commanded general respect.

Returning to his native land he established himself as a teacher of languages in Christianssand, and gained the good will of the burghers. Unfortunately he got into possession of a book disseminating "proofs that women are not in reality human beings," and was imprudent enough to defend its outrageous arguments around town, thus inevitably incurring the hostility of every woman in Christianssand. No wonder, when at the same time a Hollander made his appearance and set up as an opposition teacher of languages, that Mr. Holberg found his patrons leaving him. He challenged the Dutchman to a public debate for a test of their relative strength as linguistic experts, and after a ludicrous encounter carried off the honors of the day, yet he was dissatisfied and hankered for wider fields, yearning for more knowledge and new adventures. Stimulated by the acquaintance of a certain *candidatus* Bricks,

*Norway at that time was under the supremacy of the Danish king, and had no university of her own. The University of Christiania was founded in 1811.

who was also preparing to go abroad, he broke away and bore him company as far as England (second journey, 1706-8).

He lived for some time in London, but most of his time he spent in Oxford, where he made diligent use of the Bodleian library. He made many acquaintances among the English students, and gave lessons in languages and music,* at the same time forming a number of warm and lasting friendships.

From England he came to Copenhagen and never afterward saw Norway. His literary treasures were to become the property of his adopted country, Denmark.

In Copenhagen he tried to support himself as a private "Docent," lecturing especially upon such matters as he had been impressed with during his travels in foreign countries. There was no scarcity of attendants at these lectures, but when the time for payment came, they disappeared. He relates how, when he happened to meet any of them in the street, they bared their heads and made reverential bows to him; but he adds, "Compliments do but little to fill the pocket." He continued to labor under financial troubles, and, therefore, did not hesitate to accept an offer from Mr. Paul Vinding to accompany his son to Germany (third journey, 1708-9). He soon, however, parted company with young Vinding, and visited the university of Leipzig and other German universities on his own account, but did not admire the scientific methods of the Germans. In Halle he paid a visit to Thomasius, but the philosopher did not deign to give the youthful stranger a serious hearing.

Returning to Copenhagen he was engaged by Admiral Gedde as a tutor, but soon after was admitted as *alumnus* to Borch's Collegium (1709), in those days a far greater distinction than now. About this time he published his first essays: "Introduction to the History of the Most Prominent European Kingdoms and Republics," and four *disputationes* for the Collegium, which are no longer extant. He endeavored to ingratiate himself with King Frederick the Fourth, and sent him the manuscript of an introduction to the Danish history of the previous century (the reign of Christian the Fourth and Frederick the Third). It has perished, probably in the fire of the palace of Christiansborg, 1799, but it is fair to suppose that it has been embodied in his general

history of Denmark. He petitioned for appointment at the university and the petition is still extant (a fac-simile of it can be found in "Historisk Tilskuer," third series, volume 1). Two positions were then vacant, Professor *ordinarius* and Professor *adjunctus*. He petitioned for both. Hans Gram was appointed for the first vacancy, Holberg for the second, but this was not a paid position, hence he was not relieved of his monetary embarrassments. He obtained a pension and soon after a stipend for traveling purposes, and now set out upon his fourth journey (1714-16). He went by way of Holland and Belgium to France and Italy. In France he employed his time, as formerly in England, in studying the character and literature of the people. To what extent the theatre has influenced him does not appear, but its influence is not likely to have been very great. He at that time occupied himself mostly with historical studies and took advantage of the libraries. In Paris he met a number of countrymen, among them Jacob Vinslöv, the anatomist, who had been converted to Catholicism. Holberg says that Vinslöv, who was of a confiding nature, had been enticed into the church by trickery. From France he proceeded to Italy by way of Lyons, where he rested. At this city he received the news of the death of King Louis XIV. He noticed a striking difference between the population of that section of the country and the northern provinces. At Genoa he was taken seriously ill, and his landlord, taking advantage of his helpless condition, was swindling him out of his money until a young stranger took charge of his affairs and kindly cared for him. Holberg supposed this stranger to be a Frenchman, but afterwards learned that he was a Dane. He never met him again. On the way from Genoa to Rome his vessel was chased by pirates and the decks were cleared for battle. The Catholic passengers vociferously offered up prayers to their various saints, and Holberg says he joined the chorus. Another ship intervened and took up the battle. The captain of Holberg's vessel then turned about and escaped. In Rome he complained of being disturbed by countless show-people, a troupe of comedians lodging in the same house with him. It appears that he was then, strange to say, totally indifferent to theatrical matters, but afterwards introduced many elements from the Italian comedy into his own dramas.

In 1716 he returned to Copenhagen, where he continued his struggles under straitened circumstances. He received a pension from the univer-

*Holberg was a skillful performer on the violin, and it has even been stated that on his travels, when out of money, he often made his way by playing and singing at the doors of gentlefolks.

sity, and even an allowance from the Trinitatis Church pauper-fund was allotted to him!

Finally (1717) he received the regular appointment to a professorship with salary. Temporarily he took the chair of metaphysics—and here end the trials of Holberg's youth; his career henceforth was one of recognized success and of opulence. From now on he settled down at home, and made but one more journey (to Paris, 1725), but it had a different character from his previous wanderings, and was undertaken solely for the sake of recreation.

As a traveler, Holberg was not the diligent student alone, but, mingling with all classes of people, he was a close and shrewd observer, and has made many pungent remarks, illustrative of national characteristics of that time. (See his "*Tres Epistolæ ad virum perillustrem*," especially 3d Epistle.)

The French he praises for sociability, and adds that a stranger might easily be led to the mistake of regarding the peculiarities of Parisian life as typical of the entire nation. He points to its elegance and to the volubility of French conversation, but the mere imitation of this outwardness he condemns. (See his comedy "*Jean de France*.") He lauds the French for swift judgment, and to that ascribes their superiority in war.

The English are either "devils or angels." They are a people who know of no middle-road, an embodiment of the absurdest contrasts. No other nation offers such examples of virtues, yet of treachery; of piety, yet profanity; activity, yet lassitude; orthodoxy, yet atheism, etc.; and he lays this to the effects of political liberty which, as he has it, "is of some detriment, but of more advantage."

He compares the French with the English: The French, he remarks, talk, the English think. The French dress with elegance, the English with neatness. The French eat bread, the English meat. Both are high-tempered—the French violent in anger, the English tenacious. The former float with the current, the latter swim against it. The French easily form friendships, and as easily break them; the English are slow at making and slow at breaking friendships. The French regard their superiors with reverence, the English themselves. The French are better citizens, the English better men. The former seek their reward for a noble deed in the public mention of it, the latter in the deed. The French commit crimes in hope of gain, the English for the sake of committing them.

The Hollander, to whom nature has denied everything, has made everything through industry. "The gods have created the earth, the Dutch their country." He praises them for their proverbial cleanliness and common sense, and says that when the Hollander is of use in the world he does not ask to be admired for it. Holberg mentions a movement among the Hollanders to expel all outlandish technical expressions from their language. This same movement was started in Denmark toward Holberg's last years, but he opposed it. It was his opinion that technical words are universally known, since they have been adopted by all nations. Hence he does not propose to introduce the unknown in place of the known, and he wonders that Holland, as the meeting-place of nations, should lead in the expulsion of words that are the common property of them all. He mentions a trait of their spirit of public independence. When at one time Charles the Second of England complained that the states refused him favors they had granted to Cromwell, they replied that in Cromwell's time England had a great ruler.

The Germans, he says, find middle-roads; they go to no extremes except in eating and drinking; they reach their goal by slow degrees. They cultivate science, but do not make fundamental investigations. Their virtues are not of a heroic kind; good and evil in Germany is the average good and evil of the human race as it goes. The German government is neither monarchical, nor aristocratic, nor democratic; it is German (*germanice regi Germaniam*). The Germans occupy their minds within visible realms and claim prerogatives that have no authenticity; they call themselves "Romans," but hold not the slightest relationship to Rome or the Romans. Regarding their language, he objects to the perverted construction of their sentences. He praises them for honesty, industry, fidelity, and concedes their vast influence upon general literature.

The Italians are divided into numerous groups, and cannot come under one common estimate; they agree upon one point only, that of being Italians. They have degenerated from the ancestral virtues, and are timid and cowardly. Their ancestors ruled by the sword and axe; they are now a prey to everybody. The ancient Romans fought armed men, the modern their own wives. In genius they excel all other nations; as painters, sculptors, musicians, they are in the foremost rank; in science they amount to nothing; during the renaissance of the sciences they began to raise their heads—it was but a spark that soon disappeared.

They are the plaything of circumstances; give them the old times and the old virtues will return.

Two years after Holberg had taken the professorial chair of Metaphysics, he was made *professor eloquentiæ* of the Latin branches. During this period he evolved his poetical activity; wrote fifteen of his comedies, three volumes, published 1723-25; also "Per Paars," a *poema heroico-comicum*, published in 1720, a parody upon the epic style of Homer and Virgil, probably after the pattern of Boileau.

In 1720 he was made a member of *Consistorium* and wrote a programme for the annual solemnities of the university, ostensibly undertaking the defense of the university against certain charges then under discussion, but it was so done as to excite suspicion of being ironical and was suppressed. Prof. Gram wrote another.

In 1725-26 Holberg made his last journey through Holland to Paris, a journey of relaxation, and he feels that he does not stand the wear and tear of travel as well as he did ten years before; he notices great changes wherever he goes. He says that when last in Paris strenuous efforts were made to convert Protestants; this had ceased. On his return trip, however, he happened to fall in with an officer and an old woman, who did their best to make him a proselyte. As arguments did not appear to have the desired effect the woman took to telling miracles, and the officer verified them with ponderous military oaths (For Holberg's military types see his comedies "*Jacob von Thybo*" and "*Diedrich Menschenschreck*"). Holberg then proceeded to reciprocate with miracles in favor of the Protestant faith, and when the two found he had the best of them they desisted and he had peace. Formerly he used to seek the company of students, but now he enjoyed the intercourse of the scientific notables of the time (Montfaucon, Fontenelle). While in Paris he made an effort to have his comedies acted. There were then in the city two theatrical companies, one French and one Italian, the latter playing both in French and Italian. To this troupe he offered a translation of one of his most popular plays (*Herman v. Bremen* or "*Pewters and Politics*"), and it was greatly admired, but they dared not place it on the stage for fear that it might be taken for a satire upon well-known residents of Paris. Besides, the plays of Molière had then already gone very much out of date, and inferior productions were in vogue; it was further objected that Holberg's plays introduced every-day people, while the present taste demanded the appearance of the upper crust.

During Holberg's stay in Paris, that city was ravaged by a severe famine, so that "folks with flour in their periwigs,"—i. e., elegantly dressed persons—were to be seen asking alms of one another in the streets. Returning through Holland he found all Ostfriesland under arms, owing to demonstrations headed by one Brenneisen against the national representatives. He mentions the uproar as laughable. The name Brenneisen he has made use of in his comedy "*Pernille Mistress for an Hour*." Passing through Sleswick, Haderslev and Flensburg, he comments with bitterness upon the contempt with which the Danish language was treated in the latter town.

In 1730, at the death of Arne Magnusson, Holberg was appointed *Professor Historiarum*. He was then at work upon his "*History of Denmark*" (published 1732-33-35, in 3 vols.), and had just (1729) published his "*Description of Denmark and Norway*" (again published, 1749, under the title of "*Civil and Clerical State of Denmark and Norway*").

After the death of King Frederick the Fourth, a regime followed which adopted the very opposite policy of the one that had been pursued by the late government, and great jealousy prevailed of any praise bestowed upon the latter. Notwithstanding this, when the university solemnized her memorial services in honor of the deceased king, and Holberg was called upon to deliver the oration, he fearlessly eulogized King Frederick for his many virtues and praised the steps that had been taken during his reign toward the emancipation of the peasantry. Holberg was next chosen *Rector Universitatis*, and in assuming that office made a speech concerning the method he desired to see adopted for the prosecution of scientific studies, diametrically opposite to the ancient scholastic system.

In 1737 he became *Quæstor*, a function that relieved him of all obligations to lecture, and thus left him abundant leisure for exclusive devotion to literary pursuits. As a university teacher it does not appear that he has been very active; he does not dwell much upon that subject in his writings. But it deserves mention that he encouraged younger authors to write, and offered premiums for Danish poetry, which he subsequently had printed (five specimens, 1738-40). And now follow from his own hand work upon work: "*General History of the Church*," 2 vols., 1738-40; the satire "*Nils Klim*," published simultaneously at Copenhagen and Leipzig, 1741; "*Moral Thoughts*," 1744; "*Epistles*," 5 vols., 1748-50—

54—the last volume published after his death. Also several volumes of comedies.

Meanwhile Holberg had acquired a great deal of wealth, especially through the sale of his multifarious books, of which he was his own publisher. In his capacity of quæstor he had the handling of a vast amount of real-estate, and it suggested itself to him to invest his own capital in landed property. He bought the estates of Borup (1740) and Tersløse (1745), also Ödemark. He now spent part of his summers in the country, where he delighted in conversing with the peasants and observing their plain manners and living, in contrast with the general dissipation of the city folks. At the same time he was constantly quarreling with the neighboring landlords and at loggerheads with his own tenants.

Holberg remained unmarried, and, as he had broken every family tie since he left Bergen on his first voyage to Holland, it was an object of much concern to him what should be done with his property. Finally, he concluded to donate it to the Academy of Soroe. This academy had been founded by Christian the Fourth as a knightly institution for young noblemen, but had been abolished by Frederick the Third. Under Christian the Sixth efforts were made to have it re-established, but they were unsuccessful for want of funds. This was now remedied by the donation in Holberg's will, and in return he was made a baron and the estates of Borup and Tersløse were formed into a barony. Very soon, however, Baron Holberg became suspicious that his death was hoped for with too ominous anxiety, and he had the money paid over before that event. The Academy was reopened in 1747—but at the opening festivities Holberg was not found of sufficient rank to sit at the king's table.

Holberg from his boyhood had been very sickly, and his persistency in traveling in pursuit of knowledge is therefore greatly to be admired. His constitutional weakness adduced extreme caution and abstinence from every excess, his only relish being coffee. He remarks that after a day of close and continual study he prefers the society of women, where he is treated to coffee and a harmless chat, to that of men, where he is presented with a pipe of tobacco and a glass of strong drink and drawn into a discussion of politics or other weighty matter and is forced to rack his brain afresh. During his life the luxury in Denmark was excessive. Smith (Biography of Holberg, 1858) says that a luxury of that particularly carousing character indicates a lower standard of

culture, and cannot now be found elsewhere but in Russia; it was there also a fashion that no people of means should be found walking or unattended by servants, and Holberg with his frugal ways got at swords points with the prevailing *bon ton*. Furthermore in his writings he carried on a scathing war against it and has probably felt obliged to live by his own teachings. He was in consequence accused of avarice, a vice, however, he has severely attacked. Scheibe (German translator of "*Per Paars*," second edition, 1764) makes mention of this accusation and calls attention to his frail constitution and simple mode of living, but cannot pronounce him totally innocent of the charge.

Holberg was extremely nervous and tolerated no disturbance, was chary of money and of time as well; he knew the value of time, and distanced from himself anything that would waste it. It demands admiration that a man so lonesome and suffering was able to produce so many gay writings, but he says himself that his most rollicking mirth has been conceived in his gloomiest moments. In younger years he made a practice of visiting taverns and public places for the purpose of making observations; later in life he visited only in families, but never was very sociable; he was dreaded for his sarcastic wit. In his old age he felt his faculties weaken, and his memory falter. Yet, shortly before his death, he commenced studying Snorro Sturlesen in Icelandic.

Ludvig Holberg died on the 28th of January, 1754. His body was embalmed, and in December carried to Soroe. Neither the theater nor the Society of Sciences took any official notice of the event.

THE WINDOW.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF W. VON BRAUN, BY K. A. LINDERFELT.

And thou askest why my tears are flowing
Ev'ry time this way I wander, leaning
On thy arm, supported by thy friendship?
Ah, my brother, seest thou yonder window,
Whereupon the sun, just now in setting,
Throws a sad and lingering kiss of parting?
Learn, then, that in days gone by that window
Formed the framework to a precious picture—
To a picture which for all the treasures
Of a Vatican I'd not have bartered.
When, around the wild world, tossed, and drifting
'Mongst its troubles, treachery and sorrows,
Ah! what joy it was, returning hither
To this self-same, small, beloved window,
Which contained the glory of my life, of

All that I possessed to me the dearest !
And when, then, I saw the smoke ascending
Heav'nward from the well-known humble hearth-
stone,

Oh, how throbbed my heart with eager longing !
Nearer flew I now, and ever nearer,
Eyes intently fixed upon the window,
There to catch a glimpse of *her* in waiting.
And I saw a little neck so snow white,
And I saw a bosom slowly heaving,
And I saw a head, small, curly,
Slightly bowed in thoughtful meditation,
While unconsciously she plied the needle.
For a woman, deeply, truly loving,
One thought only in her mind can harbor;
But, at length, when by the wheels approaching
From her waking day-dreams she was roused,
Then, oh then, thou shouldst have seen the picture !
Like an angel stood she there transfigured,
Like an angel from the cloud-realms beck'ning ;
Toward me, then, she stretched her arms wide-
open,

And therein, the happiest mortal, soon I
Found myself securely, wildly pressed ; and
Deep into the river of oblivion
Sank then all my sorrows. And I thought not
Any more of pains, distress and dangers,
Thought no more of treachery and falsehood ;
For I knew I clasped a faithful heart, more
Loving than the dove's sigh in the forest,
Purer than the snow on cloud-capped mountain.

But one day—I shudder to recall it—
But one day, when, full of joy, returning
From a tiresome but successful journey,
After many months of separation,
Oh, how did I glory in the meeting !
Jubilant I flew on wings of longing,
For at last, in my unceasing struggle
With the Fates, the prize I'd gained. No longer
Poverty a barrier put between us,
And my future now in roseate colors
Treacherous hope with ready pencil painted.
And it seemed as if each winged warbler
In the trees a wedding song were chanting,
And each sunbeam, dancing on the leaflets,
Seemed as if it were from her a message,—
Her, the bride, *my* bride there in the window.
And when then I saw the smoke ascending
Heav'nward from the well-known lowly hearth-
stone,

Oh, how throbbed my heart with eager longing !
Nearer flew I now, and ever nearer,
Eyes intently fixed upon the window,

There to catch a glimpse of *her* in waiting.
But what saw I then ? No neck so snow white,
And no hand, no bosom slowly heaving.
But what saw I then ? No head, small, curly,
Slightly bowed in thoughtful meditation.
Oh, my God !—There was no picture,
For the drooping curtains had concealed it
From my view, and crape was on the door-knob.
Then I felt my head and mind grow empty,
And my heart was seized with deathly coldness,
And my joy in life was gone forever—
And thou askest why my tears are flowing ?

WIVES, SUBMIT YOURSELVES UNTO YOUR HUSBANDS.

BY KRISTOFER JANSSON.

VII.

One forenoon, as the priest sat in his study, he was much surprised to see Ola step into the room, for it was the busiest season of the year. And still more astonished was he to see that he had a package of books under his arm, for Ola was not much in the habit of troubling himself with a weight of learning. But most of all was the priest amazed when Ola sank down on the nearest chair, and began to sob aloud.

"Why, my dear man, what is the matter with you?" said the priest laying his hand on Ola's shoulder.

"She has gone—has forsaken my board and home, and me, and everything," roared Ola.

"What is that you say?"

"I say she has left—roamed out on the world's restless sea—and that, now, in the midst of our busiest time."

"But has anything occurred between you?" asked the priest.

"No, not the least thing in the world," replied Ola. "Since the day the priest was in at our house, I have never so much as touched her—well, that is to say, I have been obliged to take hold of her sometimes and shake her, but never have I laid violent hands on her, that is sure. Yet I can assure you she has been so contrary and defiant that I have not known what in the world to do with her, or where she got her notions from. But now—"

"Ah, have you discovered the cause?" interposed the priest.

"Yes; I went up into the loft at last, where her chest stood, and it was open, and what does the priest think I found there? Why, these letters and all kinds of dreadful American and un-

godly books, which she has been devouring in all secrecy. And do you know what this lady, this stranger who was at my house, writes to my wife? Why, she begs her to disobey me as much as she possibly can. Is not that terrible? And she has been trying it, true enough, of late!"

Ola wiped the tears from his eyes, as he handed over to the priest both the letters and the books. The priest ran his eye hurriedly through the letters, and shook his head.

"Yes, I know them; these are the fruits of the common school," said he, as he folded up the letters. "So this is the end; and you do not know whither she has fled?"

"She took the train for the South; for Knut, our oldest boy, was with her himself, and was compelled to drive her, although the horse had neither been watered nor fed; and so, most likely, she has gone to Minneapolis, to her brother, of whom she was all the time talking. And now it is my prayer and entreaty to the priest that he will endeavor to lead her away from the paths of temptation, and bring about her conversion to the ways of our Lord and Savior, who has commanded that man—no, that woman shall be subject to her husband in all things."

"I shall think your case over, my good Ola, and consider what is the best thing to be done."

"Ah, thank you. If the priest will do this, it will indeed be very kind of him. She was my sole joy and consolation, you see, and if she did do wrong sometimes, she was still a right capable worker, and the priest must know himself how things go in a house when the woman is away."

With many pressures of the hand, and with a lightened heart, Ola wended his way home, leaving behind him on the priest's table the dreadful American books, the fruits of the common school.

VIII.

Emma had become like another person. Her brother had given her a most friendly reception. The first thing that was done was to get her into a comfortable bed; and, as she lay there with a sense of repose, the anxiety, the excitement, the decision, all over—as she lay there in that peaceful, cleanly little room, with its pure white curtains, and the night-lamp on the table, holding her little treasure in her arms, then, ah! then it seemed to her that she had entered paradise. There was no one who would cast her out of bed, no one who would drive her to work the next morning. She would be permitted to be ill, per-

mitted to rest; rest—oh, it seemed to her that she could never rest enough. And it was so sweet to give way, and her brother and his wife had been so kind to her, she closed her eyes and fell asleep with a silent thanksgiving in her heart, and with joy at the resolution she had taken.

The next morning her breakfast was brought to her bed. Just this way of being treated as a guest, and being waited upon, was something to which Emma was so unaccustomed that it had all the attraction of novelty and agreeability. She had quite forgotten what it was like to be made much of. And the babe improved day by day with the mother's improving health, and was soon thriving finely.

Ere long Emma was up and out again; she began to enter anew into life. With her sensibility of strength grew also her energy and love of work. Now and then there would come over her something like a reproach of conscience, and a longing to know how things went with the rest of her children, but then other matters would rise up and absorb her interest. The large city, with its handsome buildings and its surging life allured her, and reawakened her sense of beauty, her sense of the intellectual. There was so much both to see and to hear in Minneapolis, in the churches as well as in the lecture halls. In the home circle of her brother there was, it is true, but meager intellectual fare, the conversation generally turning on business affairs, the price of labor and Norwegian politics. Yet even these things were something new for Emma, since in Ola's home they rarely got beyond the cows and the pigs, and doctrines of predestination.

Her brother belonged to the synod, not because he had especially chosen it, but because the synod's priest had waited on the immigrants immediately upon their arrival, and had put their names down on his list. Still no restriction was placed on Emma. She was allowed to go to church where she pleased, and on Sunday she preferred to go to a large American church, where there was beauty and delightful singing, and more intelligence and enlightenment than any synod priest dare offer. Her brother had told her that she could remain with them free of expense for the present until she was ready to go home again, for, with the best will, neither he nor his wife could approve of her having left her husband, and they hoped she would return to him as soon as she was quite well again. The synod priest of the city had been upbraiding them with harboring an erring woman who would not repent; but the brother's

answer had been that he could not turn his sister and her child into the street.

Emma saw that as matters stood it would be well for her to become independent as soon as she could; and she resolved to find some employment or other by which she could support herself and the child, for in her heart she had determined never to go back as long as she lived. To breathe in these new surroundings was like a refreshing bath to her; she felt that her energies were not yet exhausted after all; that her thirst for knowledge, her desire to join in the work of her day was not quenched. She felt positively young again, and the hope of being able to win back at least a moiety of the happiness of which life had cheated her dawned within her.

There had been a meeting in Minneapolis of the Association for the Advancement of Women. Emma had sat on a bench in the midst of the audience, completely transported. Could this really be true? Here were women speaking in public and discussing the most profound themes of social life; here were women who were lawyers, doctors, ministers, architects, artists, and they stood before her, calm, and independent, and capable, advocating their own cause and that of their sisters. Could this actually be true? Had it really dawned upon the world that woman, too, was a human being; that she, too, was endowed with needs and capacities just as man was; that she was created for something else than to be the slave of her husband and children? She went home completely on fire, with her face shining. She informed her brother of what she had heard, but he merely smiled, and said:

"You should not go and listen to them, Emma; they only turn the heads of foolish women."

"Oh, yes," replied the wife; "dear knows what they are making such a fuss about. We women have things well enough as they are, and there is no need of changing anything."

It was as if cold water had been poured over Emma. No; with these people it would not do to talk; there was too much of the Norse thrall-dom in their blood. But they had not had such a husband as Ola, nor lived the life of the prairies.

Emma felt that if she could earn a livelihood here there might yet arise happy days for her. She felt so much of her old bitterness gone; her faith in life and in her fellow creatures returned. She knew that it made her better, gentler, to be here; she could uplift her heart in gratitude to

God once more, for she thought she had something now for which to thank him. For a long time she had had but one prayer: that she might die soon. Now she did not want to die; she wanted to live, to labor, to help others if she could. She even began to think of her husband and of home with less bitterness. There were so many excuses to be made for Ola; he had not been brought up to have intellectual interests or to recognize other requirements than physical ones.

Then one evening she was surprised by seeing a carriage drive up to the door, just as on the evening when she arrived. With considerable curiosity she went to the door to see who was coming—and who should it be that stepped out of the carriage and examined the number on the house door but the priest from her home parish. With a shriek she fled into the sitting-room, and clinging to the knee of her brother, she weiled:

"Do not send me from you—do you hear? Do not send me from you, or I shall kill myself!"

Her brother was completely dazed.

"What is the matter, Emma? Have you lost your senses?"

He had no time to question further, for at this moment the form of the priest filled the doorway.

"I see that I have made no mistake," said the priest, as his eye fell on Emma who had taken refuge in a corner of the room. "Mrs. Moe's brother, I presume?" he then queried, with a courteous greeting.

The brother answered in the affirmative, and offered the priest a chair.

"I am the Norwegian synod priest from her home parish," said the priest, as he seated himself, "and I come here with greetings from her husband and children."

At hearing her children mentioned Emma's heart suddenly softened.

"How are the little ones?" asked she.

"Thank you, they are all good and well," replied the priest. "Your husband sends me to you with the message that he is determined to forgive you and forget what has passed, if you will only go home with me to him."

This was enough for Emma. Her old terror and bitterness returned.

"He forgive me!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "Give him greetings from me in return, and tell him that I shall never come home."

The priest bowed his head.

"So your heart is still hard," said he. "May

God, in his own good time open your eyes to your bitter error."

"I have been guilty of one great error," said Emma, "and that was when I married him."

"Mind what you are saying, Emma, and be not so violent," said her brother. "Listen patiently to what the priest has to say. He understands these matters better than either you or I."

"I know the priest," Emma answered. "We shall never agree on this question."

"But is your duty to God of no importance in your eyes, my good woman?" said the priest.

"Of course it is, and that is precisely the reason why I am here," said Emma. "Here I have become gentle and thankful; at home I was growing wicked and bitter, and was fast sinking into despair."

"But will you, a frail and sinful being, dare to prescribe rules to the Almighty in His government of the world, and say to him: I have resolved that you shall do thus and not otherwise? Shall not we mortals take up our apportioned cross and bear it? Now it is once for all decreed and sealed with the seal of the church, affirmed before God and man, that you shall walk through life at your husband's side as his wife, until death dissolve the band that unites you; will you, then, upon your own responsibility withdraw from your obligations?"

"If I have once chosen wrong, am I not to be allowed to amend my ways?" asked Emma.

"Not when this can only be done through sin, through the breach of God's law," replied the priest. "Come to yourself again, my dear friend. Convert this cross, as you call it, into a blessing, for in this the Lord will help you, if you only desire. Learn patience from this cross; become an example of one of those meek, humble women, who willingly submit to the dominion of their husbands, even if they be unreasonable and harsh, and you shall see that you will speedily transform him."

"You know him but little if you believe that, sir," replied Emma, with a bitter smile. "The more willing a sacrifice I should become, the more cruel he would be. And I do not know what good it would do either him or the children for me to be downtrodden or beaten to death."

"It is a grave fault with you to deem yourself wiser than God," said the priest. "You do not know what joy there is in submission."

"Prove to me that it is the will of God that one human being shall be sacrificed to another, without benefit to anybody," replied Emma, "and I will submit."

"We have the word of God in the Holy Scriptures," said the priest.

"If the bible says anything of that kind, anything so immoral, so unjust, so wicked, then I am sure that it is not the word of God."

A sighing was heard from the cupboard, where the brother's wife was busy with the coffee-cups.

"Emma! Emma!" interposed her brother. "You must not speak so!"

"You know as well as I the words of Paul and of Peter about the subjection of women. Don't you?" said the priest, gently.

"Yes; but I also know that it is written that man shall love his wife as his own body; that he shall show her all due honor; that he shall cherish her—why do you priests never tell people that?"

"Probably because there is no need of it, because the disturbance usually comes from women," replied the priest.

"Of course, you men are the lords of creation," Emma answered, with a scornful laugh.

The married couple groaned with horror to think that Emma could say such things, and that right to the priest's face, and they began to stammer forth apologies.

"Oh, do not mention it," replied the priest; "when people are excited they say many things they do not exactly mean. However, I see that nothing can be done with your sister in her present condition, and so I should very much like to speak a word in private with you, who are her nearest relatives here."

The brother begged Emma to leave them for a little while. She rose to do so, hesitated, and stood still in the middle of the floor. Then she turned suddenly, and, in a voice tremulous with emotion, she exclaimed,

"Do not sell me! Do not betray me! or I shall call you to account for it in the Day of Judgment."

As she spoke, she solemnly raised her hand as though to call heaven to witness, and then sobbing left the room.

"Well, my unknown friends," began the priest, when Emma had disappeared; "I presume you both cherish a proper respect for God's revealed word, do you not?"

"Y-e-s, we endeavor to do so," said Emma's brother, with some embarrassment.

"It is the lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path," interposed the wife, quickly.

"I will not reproach you for having harbored her so long, in spite of being acquainted with all the circumstances; but this must have an end."

Of course you agree with me that it will not do for us *Norwegian* Christians, at all events, who have still preserved our respect for the church and for morality, to wink at the conduct of a wife that, without an explanation, runs away from her husband."

"I have spoken about it many times with my husband," the wife answered.

"Well, of course, it is very wrong," the brother said; "but——"

"And even if your conscience told you it was your duty to receive her into your house when she came to you in such a state of excitement and distress, your conscience must now prompt you to send her back to her husband. The circumstances, I can assure you, have been greatly exaggerated by her. Moreover, Ola has promised me to be kind to her now and to treat her with all possible consideration. He has taken help into the house for her; he does not drink, and is an excellent man in every respect. He assures me, too, that he has never laid violent hands on her since the time after the storm."

"There, you hear, Casper," the wife said, and nodded.

"And, believe me, my friends," interrupted the priest, with great unction, "it will be hard to kick against the pricks; it will be hard to rebel against God's ordinance, which is as clear as daylight." Here he rose to his feet, and paced the floor. "Alas! she does not understand, this unhappy woman, that she is walking on the broad road to destruction; but beware, my friends, how you become accomplices in her wrong-doing. The Lord will demand her soul of your hands, and do not, I pray you, strengthen and support her in her evil course, lest your portion shall be among the unjust in the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

He paused, wiped his face with his pocket-handkerchief, uplifted his eyes toward heaven, and mumbled something.

The woman began to weep. Her husband looked quite distressed. "What shall we do then?" he asked, at last.

"To bring her of her own free will to do her duty, you see for yourselves, is impossible; she must therefore be carried away by force. When once the step is taken, she will come to her senses and admit that it was the one right thing. So, then, I will buy her ticket for the morning train, and do you order a carriage to be here by eight o'clock, and drive her to the station. But you will be obliged to exercise all your will-power, and

make yourselves as hard as stone. You must not allow yourselves to be moved, either by her prayers or by her screams. Will you promise me this? Your priest has assured me that he numbers you among his best members, so that I know you may safely be trusted to decide what is right and your duty. And if you fail now, you will put a burden on your conscience that you can never cast off."

The conversation was continued yet a little while, and, by the eager co-operation of the wife, Emma's brother was persuaded to promise solemnly that he was ready to follow the prescribed directions.

"Shall we not end the important conference of this evening with a prayer to the Lord that he may bestow a blessing on our resolve, and soften your sister's hardened heart?" asked the priest.

The answer was, of course, in the affirmative, and, with prayer and the singing of a hymn, the victim was dedicated to the sacrifice.

(To be continued.)

THE JOMS-VIKINGS.

THE ICELANDIC SAGA RETOLD BY JNO. B. MILLER.

III.

THE MARRIAGE OF SVEND AND THE FUNERAL OF STRUTHARALD.

The following spring Sigvald left Jomsborg and went to the court of King Burislaf, to whom he proposed: either must the king release him from the chieftaincy of Jomsborg or give him his oldest daughter, Astrid, in marriage. To this the king answered: "I had higher views for my daughter; but, as I don't want you to leave Jomsborg, we shall no doubt agree about the matter, if my daughter consents."

The king asked Astrid what she thought about this marriage, and added: "We must consider this carefully, for I neither can nor will spare the Jomsborger's defense of my kingdom."

Astrid answered: "To tell the truth, I should never have wished to marry Sigvald, but yet, do not reject him without hope. Make it the condition of my marriage to him that he shall get you released from the tribute you now must pay King Svend, or else that he must get King Svend into your power."

King Burislaf told Sigvald this. Sigvald agreed to everything, and it was further stipulated that it should be done within three years, or the king was not to be bound.

Sigvald returned to Jomsborg, and started at once for Sealand with three ships and three

hundred men, as he had learned that King Svend was a guest on a farm not far from the coast. He laid his ships close by a small cape, where no other ships were near. Each ship was fastened to the stern of the other, the prow from shore, with the oars ready in the rowlocks.

Then he sent twenty trusty men ashore to the king and bade them say: "Sigvald lay sick unto death, but had things of the utmost import to tell the king." When the king heard this he went down to the shore with the six hundred men he had with him. Sigvald lay abed on the ship farthest from the shore, and when he saw the king coming he bade his men draw in the gang-board as soon as thirty men had come over it, and tell the others they were afraid the ship would sink if more came aboard. "I expect," he added, "the king to be among the foremost." When twenty men had got on to the middle ship they were to pull in the board from the last ship, and only allow ten men to get aboard the outer one.

The king came and asked for Sigvald, and was told that Sigvald lay at the point of death on the outermost ship. Not dreaming of any treason, Svend went aboard; but, as the Jomsvikings carried out the orders of their chief, the king had but nine men with him when he reached Sigvald's ship. The king asked if Sigvald could speak, and was told he was still able to do so, but that he was very low. Svend stooped over him and asked if he could hear him speak, and what the important tidings were he had to tell him. "Stoop a little lower, my lord," whispered Sigvald, "so you can hear better, for I can only speak in a whisper." The king stooped down to the bed, when Sigvald clasped him in his arms with a powerful grip, and then cried out to his crew to row off with all their might. Svend's men stood on the shore and saw the king carried off before their eyes without being able to help or rescue him.

Svend cried: "What does this mean, Sigvald; will you betray me?"

Sigvald answered: "I will not betray you, my lord; but you must go with us. We will show you every honor due you, and the men who are with you shall also be welcome. When you come to the feast we have got ready for you, you shall learn the meaning of this—then you alone shall rule everything, and we will show you all due submission."

"Well, we must submit to fate, as matters stand now," said the king.

They sailed for Jomsborg, where the Vikings made ready a great feast for the king; they showed him every possible honor and called themselves the king's men. Sigvald now told the king he had carried him off because he had been wooing King Burislaf's daughter for him. "She is the loveliest maiden in the land," said Sigvald, "and I did this out of friendship for you, that you should not miss so good a match." All the Jomsvikings, as had been agreed upon before, averred the truth of this. The king asked the maiden's name. "Her name is Gunhild," answered Sigvald; "King Burislaf's other daughter, Astrid, is betrothed to me, but she is, as is only proper, far beneath your bride in beauty, as well as in other points that go to make a queen. I will now go to King Burislaf and arrange this matter."

Sigvald, with a hundred men, now went to King Burislaf's court, where a great feast was made in his honor. He said he had come to marry Astrid, as he had fulfilled the conditions, for King Svend was now a prisoner in Jomsborg, and they could do with him what they pleased. Burislaf and Astrid now asked him for advice. He said: "I advise you to marry Gunhild to Svend, if he will give up the tribute you heretofore have had to pay him. I will manage that affair for you."

Sigvald returned, and on being asked by the king how things had gone, he answered: "The whole matter now rests with you, my lord; you can have Gunhild if you give up the tribute Burislaf now pays you. It will be greater honor for you to have a father-in-law who is entirely free from the payment of tribute; besides, everything will come to you after his death."

As Sigvald had a smooth tongue he soon got the king to think favorably of the matter, and to consent to the arrangement. Svend's and Sigvald's wedding was to come off at the same time; all the Jomsvikings, except enough to keep the burg, went with them to the feast, which was the most splendid of any that had ever been held in the land.

On the night of the wedding the brides were wrapped up in their veils so that their faces were only partly seen; but on the following day they appeared joyful, and did no longer hide their faces. Svend looked at them closely. He liked Sigvald's wife the best; it was plain he had been fooled by the wily Viking, but he feigned not to notice it. After the wedding he went home with his wife.

Thirty well-manned ships and much valuable treasure was given him by King Burislaf.*

Sigvald returned to Jomsborg.

Strutharald died shortly after. He left a son in Sealand named Heming,† who, however, was too young to make the customary *Grav-öl*, wherefore King Svend thought it his duty to make the feast himself in honor of his dead Jarl. He sent word to Jomsborg and bade Sigvald and Thorkel come and help him to make the feast as grand as possible. The brothers promised to come, and asked the king to make all needful preparations and to use the income of the estate for the purpose.

Most of the Jomsvikings thought it would be unwise to put themselves in the king's power, after the trick they had played on him when they carried him off, but as Sigvald and Thorkel went as they had promised, the others would not hold back, but followed them. They left Jomsborg with a hundred and seventy well-manned ships, among which, however, were many small ones, and came to Sealand early in the fall. King Svend was at the feast with a great many noted warriors.

It was a grand feast, and the Jomsvikings drank heavily the first night. As the ale affected them, they became noisy in their talk, bragged about their exploits, and said a great many foolish things they would not have done had they been sober. When the king noted this, he said: "As we have here a great gathering and much pleasure, I propose you should begin some sport or other that will have some meaning, and be remembered for a long time."

Answered Sigvald: "It seems to me best, my lord, that you begin, and we will all follow your lead."

"I know," said king Svend, "that at great feasts, where notable men have been gathered together, they have often made solemn vows to do great deeds of valor and honor. Let us also do this, for I am sure that, as you Jomsvikings are beyond all other men of the north in prowess, so will be such vows as you may make, and I will myself be the first to begin. I therefore vow that within three years from this time, I will either kill or drive King Ethelred out of England and

take possession of his kingdom. Now it is your turn Sigvald! Let not your vow be of less import than mine."

Sigvald rose up and cried: "Then will I also promise something. Before three winters have passed I vow to exile or kill the powerful Hakon Jarl of Norway, or die."

"That is a great and manly vow," said Svend, "if you can only carry it out as well. It is your turn now, Thorkel, and your vow will no doubt be as great."

"I have bethought myself of what my vow should be," said Thorkel. "I promise to follow my brother Sigvald, and not to fly till I see the stern of his ship. If he fights ashore, I will not flee as long as he is at the head of his men, and I see his banner before me."

"Well spoken," said Svend, "and you will do as you have said, being a brave warrior. Now, Bue, we expect to hear from you."

"I vow," said Bue, "to follow Sigvald to Norway, and not to flee till the last, but face the foe as long as Sigvald wills."

"This is only what I thought," quoth Svend, "brave and manly. What is your vow, Sigurd?"

"My vow, king, is short," answered Sigurd, "I will follow my brother Bue, and stay by him till he is dead."

"It might be known you would follow your brother," said the king; "but now Vagn Aageson, we are eager to know what you have to say. Your race have ever been great heroes, and we look for something great from you."

Vagn cried: "I promise to follow Sigvald and my kinsman Bue to Norway, and not to leave till Bue bids me; besides this, if I reach Norway I will have Ingeborg, Thorkel Leire's daughter, in spite of the will of her father or her kinsmen, before I come back."

Björn the Breton was with Vagn among the Jomsvikings; the king turned to him, and asked: "What vow will you make, Björn?"

"I," said Björn, "promise to follow my foster son Vagn, to the best of my strength, knowledge and manhood."

Thus closed the first night of the festival.

While Sigvald and the Jomsvikings slept, Astrid, Sigvald's wife, kept awake thinking about the vow her husband had made. She called him in the morning and asked if he remembered the vow he had made, but he knew nothing about it. "You will soon hear of it then," said his wife; "and you will need all your wits and understand-

*According to other reports the Danish women gave their ornaments to ransom King Svend, and as a reward obtained for the first time right of inheritance with their brothers.

†Later Jarl over Danish-England after Svend's death and before Knud's arrival.

ing now." When she had told him about the vow he had made, Sigvald asked: "What shall I do? You are wise, and must give me good advice." "I can give you no advice," answered Astrid; "yet something I will propose. When you go to the drinking bout this morning, be merry and gay. The king will not have forgotten the vow you made, but when he speaks of it say: 'Had I not been drunk last night my vow would have been a great deal lesser; but you know when the ale is in the wits are out. But if I carry out this expedition, how many ships and men will you give me, my lord, to assist me, for without your help, and a good deal of it, I could not think of coping with the powerful Hakon Jarl.' Press him hard; he will the sooner promise his assistance if he does not know whether you will carry out the plan or not. It would be different were he sure you would go anyway, for I am certain he bears no good will to you or Hakon Jarl."

The matter came about as Astrid had thought, for the king, who thought he had entrapped the Jomsvikings, spoke of the vows as soon as they were seated at the table. Sigvald asked the king what help he would give him; to which Svend said he would give twenty ships whenever Sigvald was ready to start. "Such aid would be much from a well-to-do yeoman," answered Sigvald, "but only a very little from a great king."

King Svend scowled, but asked: "How much help do you think you will need?"

"That I shall soon tell you," answered Sigvald; "give me sixty large, well-manned ships, for which, however, I will give you a greater number, but smaller ships, as it is doubtful if they all come back."

"Then," said the king, "the sixty ships shall be ready for you, whenever you are prepared to start."

"It is a good and honorable offer," answered Sigvald, "as might be expected of you, my lord; therefore get the ships ready at once, for we will start as soon as this feast is ended."

The king was silent a moment, and then he said: "You go at it quicker than I thought you would, still I will be as good as my word."

Then said Astrid: "You cannot expect to conquer Hakon Jarl, if you wait till he knows your plans, and has time to prepare himself against your attack."

The Jomsvikings made themselves ready to go at once.

Tofa said to her husband, Sigurd: "I pray you to follow your brother, Bue; stand by him to the

last, and leave an honored name behind you if you should fall. I shall wait for you, and I promise to marry no other man as long as I may hear you are living." Turning to Bue, she said: "Here are two men, Havard Huggende and Aslak Holmskalle. I give them to you, for you were always good to me; and now I will no longer withhold from you that I would rather have married you than Sigurd, but fate willed it otherwise."

Bue accepted the gift of the two men, and thanked her for them; then he gave one of them, Aslak, to his kinsman Vagn.

The Jomsvikings then started for Norway with a hundred large ships.

[To be continued.]

THE CROSS OF DANEVED.

(Concluded from the February number.)

Within a couple of days, Daneved visited this room again; and it caused comment. It also caused that increased fraternizing which arises in clans when it is surmised that they have an enemy in the dark. Daneved saw their suspicions, and that they were taking a wrong direction. His pride and his silence had never served him well, and the favor shown him from headquarters, as a man of education and original talent, had not increased his popularity. They did not know that he had asked for a reduction of his own salary, that the lads in the kilns might escape it; that he had interceded for shorter hours, and had caused some of the most noxious chemicals to be abandoned. But they did know, they said, that he was too often in their department of late; and there were sour looks for him when he went in the last time.

He walked leisurely up to Britzen. "Let me see those tablets," he said, in a low voice.

The man laid his hand upon them—a sinewy brown hand, and shook his head. "I mind my business—you mind yours. Boys!" There was a movement forward, one of those half-perceptible movements, which can turn in a moment to systematic power. Daneved took a pencil and piece of paper from his pocket. He glanced up and down the room. Every eye was upon him, and the expression was ominous. The man farthest from him reminded him of elastic when it is drawn tight. The one nearest him held a pot of caustic potash in his hand; he was on the way to the kilns, and something in the dramatic grouping of figures just here had arrested him. He stood now, looking steadily at this pale young fellow, the hot potash sending up an offensive odor.

Daneved bit the end of his pencil, thoughtfully; then he laid the paper against the wall, and wrote a line upon it. He handed it to Britzen. It was an exact copy of the tablets, stating the theory and ingredients of a glaze, lately invented, and highly prized by the proprietors. Britzen overturned his bench, with an oath, and sprang to his feet. He tore the paper into bits and stamped upon them, wild with rage. But Daneved touched his forehead. "I have them here, also," he said, "and—you are reported." The last words were wrung from him like blood.

A hiss arose like steam, gathering volume as it spread, and Daneved felt the scalding agony of it to his soul. The mob closed about him so that they brushed his garments; he struck off two or three with his fists, and, wheeling round, faced the most brutal of them. "Do you give a man a hearing?" he demanded; "or do you hunt him down, like hounds?" His voice rang metallic above the uproar, and there was a sullen murmur, "Let the damned spy have his say!"

He towered among them—he who had never seemed above ordinary height before—with head thrown back, and nostrils quivering. "Men," he said, "you hate a fraud, you abhor a lie. If the weakest of you had been appointed to rid our place of a systematic thief, you would have done it; you would have done it, if it had cost your life. As such a man I stand before you, and I believe that I have done my duty." He paused a moment, long enough to throw a look of flaunting courage over their heads; and he added: "I am not afraid of you, nor anything that you can do." There was a short silence, during which it was uncertain how the scales would turn. His heart beat audibly, but with something worse than fear. He stood with his hands gripping the hem of his blouse, like a figure of stone. It was but a moment, and the scale dipped against him. He saw that they loathed him.

The floor seemed rocking beneath him, and, with a cry as from a maddening wound, he darted past them, outward, toward the door, beating down all who opposed him with his open hand, on,—to the street.

And then it began—the volley like shot and shell that pursued him; the kind of curses that are bred in manufacturing life; the kind of threats that men who talk freely of hell can make use of: shouts, jeers, and whizzing stones.

In an hour, they would know him for what he was; instead of taunts, there would be cheers that would ring to heaven. But to him, it did not

matter what would come after. To him, their conduct toward him now was definitive. In his frenzy, he forgot that they did not understand him; that, according to their knowledge, they had done what was right. Who, more than himself, abhorred a spy?

But, stanch and high hearted, he had been called a traitor; adoring truth, he had been named a liar. Once he had read a little French book called *Le Journal de Maurice de Guérin*, and it had taught him that men like himself must ever be "caviare to the multitude," however passionately they might desire human regard.

Arrived at his room, he closed the door, locking it after him. He threw up a window, and sat down gloomily, his eyes on the floor. It was warm, and had been raining—the kind of atmosphere that exaggerates sounds and intensifies odors. The breath of some familiar flower came toward him from a neighboring garden. He got up and walked the floor restlessly, pausing at his bureau, from which he took a leather case. It contained a brace of revolvers. He selected one, examined the chambers, and turned it over in his hands. The little silver plates felt like ice in his grasp. He stared at it moodily. It looked harmless enough. He touched the mouth of it to his temple, then flung it from him. "Better not!" he muttered; "better not!" He sighed deeply. "Ah, it would have been delicious!"

But he replaced the revolver, locked the case, and dropped the key into the shrubbery below. On the following day, he resolved to enter the life-saving service at Skagen.

Three years had passed, and he had saved a score of lives. Through storms of rain and sand, and bellowing seas, he had snatched these souls from death, with triumphant joy. At last he had found a reason for being which required no apology even to himself. On the 27th of December, 18—, a Swedish brig struck the rocks. The life-boats were launched, and Daneved's oar was, as usual, the first to touch the water. A terrific gale—such a gale as is almost continuous, at Skagen—was stirring the sea. The tongue of light that fell from the light-house tower fluttered like a ribbon on the waves. All sounds were lost in the rush of wind and blasts of sand; the wretches on that shuddering ship might shriek with all the agony of a last despair, but their voices were no more than the peep of birds. The little boat rocked apparently on the selfsame wave. "For God's sake," cried Daneved, "let us make headway!"

The muscles stood on his arms like cords, and his scarlet shirt, turned back at the throat, displayed his panting chest. His eyes were luminous with a strange delight. "Heave to, my men!"

They bent to their work like giants to a task, and the boat shot over an enormous wave. A shock, a crash, a scattering of oars to the winds, and the sea dragged down these brave men to her breast.

There was a momentary flinging up of arms and cry to Heaven, a grasping of each other's hands, to save, and the waves went roaring over them. Among those tortured features, Daneved's was the only face that smiled as it sank.

The cross of self-doubt which had been born with him had slipped from his soul once and forever.

EMMA SHERWOOD CHESTER.

PETER CHRISTIAN ASBJØRNSSEN.

This veteran of Norwegian literature died on the 7th of January. His name is known in Europe as a poet, and his scientific researches on the coast of Norway added to it as a geologist. His reputation in America as a poet dates from an excellent translation of his folk-stories published last year in an *édition de luxe*. Born in 1812 in Christiania, he began medical studies at the University of Christiania in 1837, having spent the first four years after reaching his majority in teaching. Later on, while pursuing botanical and zoological studies on excursions along the sea coast of Norway, and in the inland country, another interest took hold of his mind. The folk-lore, the weird stories of Draugon, of second-sighted people, of supernatural warnings, that were told in the boat-houses when the men were waiting for a favorable wind, or at the fireside where grandma or great-grandma was spinning (the young people always listening attractively to him), now struck his imagination. As early as 1842, associated with his school-fellow and friend, Jørgen Moe, he published his first collection of Norwegian folk-stories. Through it he did for Norway what Thiele had done for Denmark, with this immense difference: That while Thiele was only a true, conscientious recorder of the old stories, sayings and traditions, Asbjørnsen listened as a poet. He lived the stories over again, and, re-telling them, made them his and ours. There is an intense personality about all his writings, and one cannot help loving him through them. Young and old enjoyed the advent of a volume by Asbjørnsen, and the contest for the book generally ended in some one reading aloud to the household.

Occasionally, when the people were reticent, Asbjørnsen would be the first to begin, settling a quarrel, for instance in this way: "Now, are not you just as bad as the woman who had to be ducked twice under the water before she gave in?" "She did not give in, either," was the sulky response. "No; and that's why I think you may just as well give in right away." The husband or wife generally responded by a story of their own, the one about the meddling of a stranger between husband and wife—and Asbjørnsen got his story.

But this was but a small portion of all that he did. His most important work was a series of popular tracts, in which he—like Campe in Germany—tried to educate and instruct his friends on the laws of nature in a popular way; and they needed it. In one of these, "*Førnuftigt Madstel*" ("Common Sense in Cooking"), he tells how, in some out-of-the-way place, the custom had been to throw away the soup and only eat the boiled meat. Supported by the government, he studied forestry in Germany for two years, and on his return was appointed Forester-General of State. Wherever he went, and whatever he studied, his thoughts were with his friends, the Norwegian peasantry, and the titles of his numerous tracts prove this. His published works comprise volumes on dairy matters, home industry, telling the men how to plant, weave baskets, and to perform their part of the home work; on fishing, hunting, the best way of making turf, how to take care of the orchard, and others of kindred interest. His motto was, as the Bergen poet says, "*Homo sum*." And he lived up to it. Nothing beneficial to mankind was foreign to his sympathy.

NEW BOOKS.

Björnstjerne Björnson's last book, *Det Flager*, etc.—a novel, and the largest one he has hitherto written—has evidently attracted a wider attention among the Scandinavian public and made a deeper impression than any of his earlier books; and this extraordinary success is, no doubt, due to a peculiarity in the æsthetic character of the work, which gives it a place apart from all the rest of contemporary Norwegian novel-writing, otherwise so rich and so excellent.

This novel consists of three parts, although it must be added that the author himself has made no such division in his narrative. Part first contains the annals of the Curt family through several generations, and these annals are given in the form of a diary or memoirs written by an old schoolmaster, who saw the grandfather coming on and the grandson going away. The question which, by these papers, is raised in the mind of the reader is that of the relation of inherited, natural disposition on the one side, and developed, responsible character on the other; and in order to make sure of his point, the author tells us things which certainly could not be read except in the form of old documents. But so masterly is that form maintained throughout the whole report, that, when it was published in advance in *Nyt Tidsskrift*, an old literary rat here, whose nose is particularly well developed for minute niceties and verbal trifles, loudly complained that Björnson had "altered" the document in "three places." What this man felt when he heard that the "document" is a free composition, we do not know. The last part describes a scene in which the whole city, from the mayor to the street-sweeper, is put in action. The only daughter of the richest, oldest, foremost family is going to be married, on this day, in the very next hour, to a great personage who is an honor to every one concerned, almost to every one looking on. Consequently, colors are flying—*Det Flager*—from every house in the streets, from every vessel in the port. Only the school in which the bride was educated, the new establishment which, for several years, has occupied the whole attention of the place, the old Curt mansion on the neighboring hill, which tradition seems to have given a right to dictate the fate of everything happening in the city—that stands bare. Nevertheless, the bride

arrives, and the ceremony is just going to begin. Then steps into the choir a young woman, a former friend and schoolmate of the bride, and, in spite of the centuries of silence which have kept away from there any rasping dissonance, she addresses the bride, for the bridegroom is the father of the baby she bears on her arms, and the bride knows it. In the unspeakable confusion—as if the ocean had split, and the waters were running away, and the abyss lifted its hideousness against the sky—the bride takes to flight. But she seeks refuge in the school, in the new establishment, in the old Curt mansion, which then hoists its flag. The description handles one of the most important and one of the most debatable questions of modern morals, but the inexhaustible power of poetical talent and the overwhelming force of moral passion with which Björnson has put and answered the question, makes the scene one of the greatest he has ever described. These two parts of the story, the beginning and the end, are connected with each other by an elaborate representation of how the old Curt mansion is transformed into a school, and how the new educational establishment begins to transform the loose hypocrisy of the morals of the town into something which, at least, has truth to lean against. Logically, the connection is firm enough, for, on the one side, the relation between inherited, natural disposition, and developed, responsible character is an educational problem; and, on the other, education is the very basis of any true moral reform. But, practically, there is a flaw in the effect, for neither the bride nor the bridegroom nor the young woman who, in the name of morality, protests against the wedding, belongs to the Curt family. Hence the question, which seems to have puzzled more than one reader, Who is the hero of the novel? The hero is not the traditional young knight, with a feather or two in his hat, but a new view of life—its meaning and its duty—turning rather roughly against the prevailing tradition.

And this is the peculiar charm of the book. The present Norwegian literature is possessed of a talent for social and moral criticism which, by itself, is most remarkable, and which is exercised with so much authority that it cannot fail to touch public conscience. But it rules so exclusively and dominates the whole literature to such an extent, that it certainly begins to grate on the ear. It would be unjust to say of any of those books, that one is a repetition of any other of them, and yet the total effect begins to be one of repetition. But in Björnson's *Det Flager* this social and moral criticism plays, in spite of the decisive and openly avowed reformatory tendency, only a subordinate part. The book will convince and not simply convict. It wants to build up and not merely pull down. It says something positive.

At the occasion of Holberg's second centennial, Dr. Georg Brandes has written a book on his life and works, *Ludvig Holberg, et Festskrift*. It is an excellent book. It may be that a still better book on Holberg will be written in the next generation. Mr. Brandes' studies are not exactly those which are required to write a life of Holberg, and his talent is not exactly that which finds its full scope in treating of Holberg's works. To find out where Holberg lived and what he learned on his first two travels, seems to demand an explorer who has absolutely nothing else to do but that one thing, and in order to say the last word of *Peder Paars* or *Niels Klim* or the comedies, it is necessary to speak—

somehow or other—as Holberg himself would have spoken. But even if such a piece of great good luck should one day fall to the lot of the Danish-Norwegian literature, even then Mr. Brandes' book would by no means cease to have its decisive merit and a living interest.

There are a hundred questions—where so much is given who cares to keep an account?—which Mr. Brandes has settled in a most happy manner and, probably, forever. He takes them up as they present themselves, in an off-hand way, utterly unconcerned as to their possible difficulty or ticklishness, and he answers them with a promptness and elegance which, probably, will prevent them from ever appearing again. Thus, for instance, in the very first lines of the book: Was Holberg a Dane or was he a Norwegian? The question is futile. But writers, both with and without rank, have tried to make an honest penny out of it, and they have succeeded. There are now people both in Norway and in Denmark who think that the national honor is involved in it. It has been discussed in print with considerable acrimony, but in conversation it is studiously avoided. What now does Mr. Brandes do with this? With a little smile—for it is the mimicry of speech which in writing becomes style—he tells us that Holberg was, properly speaking, neither a Dane nor a Norwegian, for he was born in a Scandinavian "New Jersey;" and, while explaining why the Bergen of those days really "lay outside the Union," he launches the reader upon that stream of influences which carried Holberg to the front of the Danish-Norwegian civilization, leaving this whole question of his nationality there, where it ought to be left, out in the cold. Or, another example: A little farther on in the book he undertakes to define Holberg's standpoint as an historian, and the force and precision with which he hits the nail exactly on the head—fully expounding the relations in which Holberg stood to Grotius and Thomasius—is of so much the greater importance as, on this point, the literary dissension both in Norway and Denmark seems to be a little wandering. In his speech at the centennial celebration in the university of Christiania, Professor E. Sars tried to draw Holberg as near as possible to Montesquieu—that is, to our time. But this is a mistake. In order to read Holberg's histories with enjoyment and profit—and they can still be read not only with enjoyment, but also with profit—it is necessary to feel distinctly that his historical standpoint is not ours, not even that of Montesquieu. Or, finally, a grand example: The best in the whole book, and a precious gift to the student of Holberg, is the definition of Holberg's poetical character as *classicism*. It is a very simple thing when once it has been said. But the term has never been used before in the Danish literature. As it comes here, it is new, and Mr. Brandes has amply proved its power of application. It is, indeed, a new door into Holberg's house.

The principal vein, however, of Mr. Brandes' talent runs there where history turns into psychology, and it stood to reason that when he wrote a book on Holberg there would be points at which a lack of congruity between his talent and his subject would become visible. There are such points. But there are many more at which, with real ingenuity, he has forced the refractory materials into pliancy. Unable to apply the psychological analysis to Holberg—for the instrument is entirely inapplicable—and yet bent upon giving a psychological impression of Holberg, he paints from memoirs, letters, diaries, etc., a

gallery of contemporary portraits, and the light which this company throws upon Holberg, gives the desired effect. Surprisingly beautiful is also the closing chapter, simple and calm, not a touch of that sentimentality which has a modern man so near at hand, but was so far from Holberg; not a drop of that bitterness which is so natural to us, though it would be so unjust to his friend—a broad, pathetic statement, not without a tinge of solemnity in it. It is the best hymn written for the occasion.

CLEMENS PETERSEN.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Russian emperor will call a new Landtdag in Finland after three years' time.

THE present Swedish budget figures an income of 83,000,000 crowns. The last budget showed a surplus of 7,000,000 crowns.

THE Swedish government demands an appropriation for a Scandinavian exposition in Stockholm in 1886. It is twenty years since the last one took place.

THE renowned Swedish actor, August Lindberg, was recently married to Miss Blomberg, an actress, at the original home of the groom at Hedemora, Dalarne.

SEVERAL newspapers in Sweden complain that the pietists are in political alliance with free-thinking radicals, and that they, as a rule, are cosmopolitans more than patriots.

THE much talked-of elections for the Swedish Second Chamber in Stockholm, which were annulled the first time, were at the second election decided entirely in accordance with the liberal list.

"THE Wild Duck" ("Vildanden"), Ibsen's new play, is at present a success in several of the Scandinavian scenes, especially at the Christiania Theatre, where Björn Björnson, a son of the poet, had charge of the instruction.

THE people in Norway are debating the question of the organization of the state church. As in the other two countries, they do not seem to wish for any organization above a greater independence of the individual congregation.

MR. JUNGREEN, the Danish member of the German Parliament from North Sleswick, has proposed—seconded by the Polish and French members—that the authorities should use the language of the people when they speak another tongue than the German.

IN the Danish Folkething, the committee on ways and means and of appropriations (*Finansudvalget*) proposed, by twelve votes out of fifteen, to decrease the budget by 7,500,000 crowns. Only two members support in the main points the demands of the government.

A SERIOUS disagreement in the Norwegian cabinet between the premier, Mr. Sverdrup, and the minister of war, Mr. Daac, about the new army organization, is reported to have been happily settled. Mr. Sverdrup sustains the popular proposition of the majority of the Storting.

THE plans for rebuilding the burned castle of Christiansborg, at Copenhagen, by Baron Theophilus Hansen, the great Danish architect of Vienna, seem to meet with genuine approval, even by the Left of the Rigsdag. They are said to be in a beautiful Greek style, with an abundance of sculpture. There is, however, a long way from approval

of the plans to the carrying through under the present unpopular cabinet.

IN the Swedish Riksdag, the King appointed Count Lagerbjelke and the late Minister v. Ehrenstein President and Vice-President of the First Chamber; Wijk, merchant, and Liss Olof Larsson, the giant yeoman from Dalarne, President and Vice-President of the Second Chamber. The former Vice-President, Carl Ifvarson, the leader of the powerful Landtmannaparti, did not wish to be reappointed, and will probably soon permanently retire by reason of old age.

THE Emperor has appointed Barons S. W. v. Troil and H. G. Boije as Land-Marshall and Vice-Land-Marshall of the nobility and gentry in the Finnish Landtdag, and Archbishop Renvall and Bishop G. Johansson as President and Vice-President of the clergy. The Governor-General has appointed Mr. J. Kurten and Bank-director Eneberg as President and Vice-President of the burghers, and Messrs. K. J. Slotte and E. Duncker as President and Vice-President of the peasants.

AMONGST agricultural matters at present discussed in Denmark are: Appointment of public agronomes to assist and teach the farmers—one in each county; a better arrangement for the exportation of butter to England; continued development of the pure red race of milch-cows on the islands, and the education of young farmers on good medium-sized farms (*Bondegaarde*), which are now thought to fully equal, for this purpose, the large gentlemen's farms (*Herregaarde*) where formerly such training has been given.

Bertingske Tidende, the official paper of Copenhagen, thinks that not only ought the Cabinet to have the power, when the two houses fail to agree, to promulgate as law a bill of appropriation containing the absolutely necessary appropriations actually approved by both houses, but that such a law (*Provisorisk Lov*) ought also to contain desirable appropriations, especially those for the defenses, for fortifications and for the navy, refused by the Folkething. Were this proposition to become a fact, there would not be much constitutional liberty left in the country.

FREDERIK BARFOD, a Danish historian of merit, for thirty years a member of the Folkething, and in his youth a friend of Monrad, Fenger, Lehmann, and others of the first liberal leaders, is now fanatical enough to recommend, not merely the promulgation of bills of appropriation not consented to by the popular chambers, but even to promulgate laws about expensive fortifications, notwithstanding the refusal of the Folkething. To that extent he, and others with him, put their own ideas and party hatred above liberty and constitutional rights.

THE Landtdag in Finland was opened January 19, the Governor-General, Count Heyden, reading the message of the Emperor in Russian, and a Senator afterwards translating it into Swedish and Finnish. The message calls attention to a handsome financial surplus, which makes it possible to reduce taxation, and to establish a Treasury reserve. Bills will be introduced to give the Landtdag the privilege of the legislative initiative, which it does not possess at present, to adopt the metrical system, postal savings banks, and for the construction of new railways. Of the four houses, the gentry and the burghers use the Swedish language, the clergy and the peasantry the Finnish.

THE great Scandinavian farming population in the North-west are at present interested to the utmost in the railway problem: questions of rates, the elevator systems, etc. Their experience in the old countries of railways owned and operated by the government is absolutely inapplicable in this country, with its decentralized but somewhat loose system of government. There is, however, another European experience which might be remembered with profit in railway discussion in this country; and that is that such matters as railway communication are among the few which have been proven to be better taken care of by the federations and their authorities, where such exist, than by the single states or cantons.

On January 1st, the "Kvinde Samfund," an association of ladies for the promotion of discussions regarding the emancipation of women in Denmark, issued a monthly magazine. Its purpose is to illustrate the position of women in Denmark; to bring letters and news on the position of woman from all civilized countries; to discuss the question from all points of view; and, finally, to propose reforms in harmony with the actual situation of women in Denmark. The "Kvinde Samfund" has held several public meetings and lectures, followed by discussions, during the past year. They seem to have been successful in stirring up interest in their subject. The example of this Danish association, founded fifteen years ago—the initiator of the work in Scandinavia—has been followed this year in several places in Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The neat little magazine bears on its first page as vignette, a profile of Queen Margaret, queen of the united Scandinavian kingdoms. The leading article is on "Collective Ownership; or, Common Ownership Between Husband and Wife," by A. Stampe.

THE bad tendencies of Bismarck's contempt for parliamentary government, influence, unconsciously, honest Danish and Norwegian statesmen. His economical policy, which with sovereign contempt looks down upon all teachings of economical experience or science, can hardly prevail in the liberal sea-faring North, but it has the effect to evidently weaken the strength of the liberal progressive tendency toward free trade. A good many, at least, stop and contemplate where they formerly freely accepted the economical truths about the influence of liberty. Even such doctrines as Bismarck's idea about the levying of a duty on necessities of life—especially on grain—is reported to be accepted by influential peasant leaders in Sweden. Mr. Jöns Rundbäck, a common-school teacher who leads a faction in the Second Chamber, contemplates proposing such a measure. Now, Sweden is in fact best secured against such heresies. There is hardly any danger of their adoption. Actually, the people are less advanced in true freedom in Denmark and Norway, but already the tendency is characteristic.

THE tyranny of the Prussian government in Sleswick, by exiling a number of Danish citizens, gives occasion to continuous debate in the Danish papers. They are, as a rule, Sleswickers who, at the peace of 1864, chose to continue to be Danish citizens; they are now ordered out of the country for the most flimsy reasons—said to be "troublesome," "loafing," etc., because a relative took part in an excursion to Denmark last summer, or is a member of a society for the purpose of perpetuating the Danish language, or from other similar reasons. It is evidently the intention to use

all means to hinder utterances of Danish sympathizers, and, on the whole, to germanize the province. An article in the *Nationaltidende* proposes to retaliate by ordering an equal number of German business men to leave Denmark. Others—as, for instance, the former Sleswick deputy, Rev. M. Mörk Hansen—maintain that it is best to continue to act right and to let all the tyranny and injustice be on the German side. A prominent Sleswick yeoman, Mr. Skrumsager, of Kjöbenhoved, writes in the same direction. He argues that the government will not succeed in germanizing the North Sleswickers; "you can drive a sheep to water, but you cannot make it drink against its will." Several German papers, too, declare against the arbitrary actions of the government.

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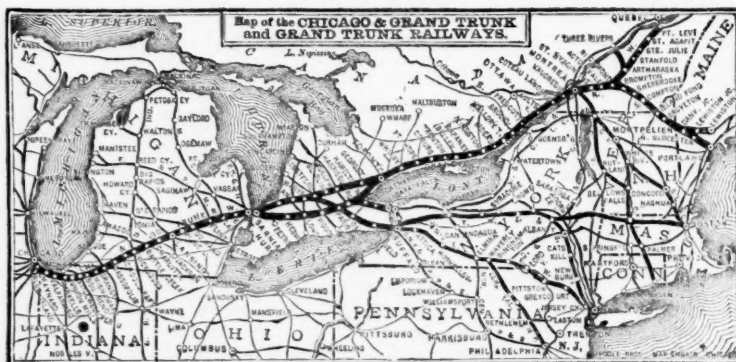
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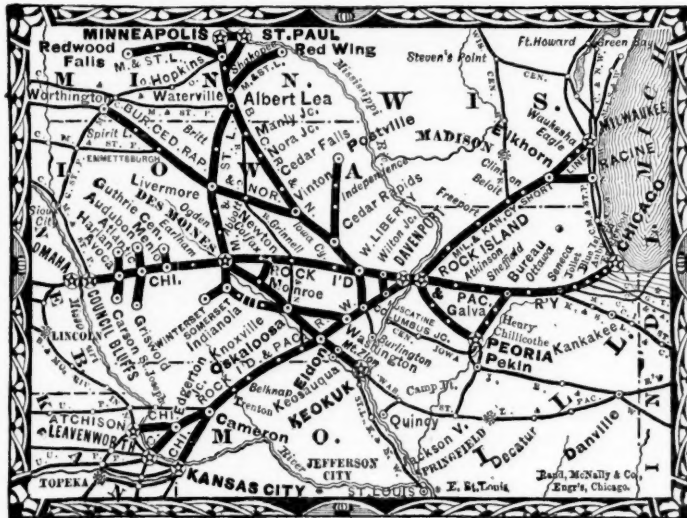
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